insane isn't really black or white, is it?

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insane isn't really black or white, is it?

by heylazeh

Summary

NBC Hannibal and Alice In Wonderland (2010) crossover.

1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“A rabbit?”

Will sighed, “Yes, a rabbit”, looking unimpressed as he ran one hand through tousled curls while holding an ice pack to his knee with the other. Checking the clock he saw it was only 2 pm and wished for nothing more than to be able to go home, despite still having another 30 minutes with his psychiatrist.

“I thought your collection was limited to stray dogs,” the blonde woman, who was sitting across from him stated matter-of-factly, a small black notebook laying open in her lap and a pen in her hand as she jotted down her notes from the session.

“It is,” Will muttered, avoiding all eye contact as the doctor looked up from her notes and over at him, “I never intended to bring it home.”

“Yet you chased this rabbit well over a mile into the woods until it disappeared down a rabbit hole, which is when you fell? Tripping on a tree root.” The older lady recalled, a single eyebrow raised in what Will could only hope is professional curiosity but knows better than to believe that is anything other than plain judgment, a look he’s used to receiving from everyone.

“I’m not entirely sure what that has to do with anything, doctor.” The younger stated, hoping she will just drop it because he’s already tired of having to explain what happened since he already had to explain it to his coworkers at the school, then his boss, and now his psychiatrist Dr. Du Maurier in the matter of a handful of hours.

“In any other case, I would have said nothing else,” the doctor stated, simply, “as accidents do happen, though more for children than adults, no matter how accident-prone. However,” she reads off the notebook, “you claim this rabbit was wearing a waistcoat, holding a timepiece, and muttering to itself that it is ‘late’”.

“I’m not mad, doctor if that’s what you’re suggesting.” Will glared, knowing that’s exactly what she is implying, no matter how often she denies it to try to keep up her professional image.

“Of course not, William, I never said such a thing.” Du Maurier claimed, since the words ‘crazy’ and ‘mad’ are not part of her vocabulary, or at least she says they aren’t, no telling what happens outside of their sessions, “however, you do understand that talking rabbits in clothing are not considered the norm?”

“Obviously I do, doctor” Will muttered, suppressing another sigh as he checks the clock once again which only passed 3 minutes, noting how he wished he had lied about how he fell, though he was just too tired to come up with anything else.

Choosing to say nothing about her patient’s obvious want to leave, the doctor questioned, “Is this the first time you’ve seen this rabbit, William? Has it visited you in your dreams or during the day, perhaps?”

“A handful of times as a child, in my dreams.” Will admitted with a small shrug, “They always began with me falling down a dark hole, then when I reached the bottom I began to see these strange and magical creatures.”

“It isn’t unheard of for children to have such an overactive imagination” the doctor nodded as she jotted down her notes, satisfied by Will’s answer, “However, you say creatures? Was there more than just the white rabbit in your dreams?”

“Yes, there was a dodo bird, a caterpillar, and a smiling cat.” Will nodded back, “though I hadn’t seen any of them since my childhood, until today.”

The doctor nodded, looking more relaxed as she most likely already came to a conclusion of a diagnosis in her head, though she still asked “I see, William, do you have a history of sleepwalking?”

“It isn’t an everyday occurrence but most nights I do find myself waking up in the forest near my home.” the younger admitted, “Some nights when I accidentally leave the door open for too long as I’m walking out, the newest addition to my pack, Winston, slips out and follows

me. I often wake up to him curled up against me, protectively as I fell asleep on the trunk of a tree, at first sunlight. My fiancée , Molly, has been growing concerned and wanted me to talk to you about it."

"I see, of course," she replied, sounding content with that answer, which wasn't a surprise, "it only makes sense for her to have grown concerned, especially so close to the wedding date."

Will frowned slightly, though otherwise showed no emotion, "She used to try waking me, being a light sleeper, though she quickly found it impossible and resorted to just throwing a blanket onto me and Winston before heading back to bed. Saying nothing when I get back at dawn and just allowing me to sleep in until I have to wake for work."

"Curious, Will, very curious. Well I must ask, do you often find yourself dreaming during these nights of sleepwalking? Perhaps you see the rabbit or the cat?" she wondered.

"More or less," Will shrugged, checking the clock and seeing he still had ten more minutes, "the most common dream I have involves a man, or really a man who can turn into a red dragon. He chases me throughout the woods, while another man, in a tophat, though I can only see his silhouette beckons me to follow."

"Does this man have a name?" the doctor questioned, seriously, as Will watched her take notes in the little black book.

With a sigh, the younger muttered, "I don't believe my unconscious has reached the level of naming fictional figures yet, doctor, though I will certainly let you know if I do."

"Yes, of course." the elder nodded, "So you are aware that the occurrence with the rabbit this morning was just a figment of your imagination? A trick of the brain as you were sleepwalking?"

Will smiled a small smile, "of course doctor, what else would it be? You said it yourself that talking rabbits in clothing are not considered the norm."

Chapter End Notes

I really don't know what I'm doing...
I'm literally trying to cure my writer's block by just writing something.

Comments and kudos are much appreciated. I'd love to see what you think of this!

2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

‘Talking rabbits in clothing are not considered the norm.’ Will repeated to himself, looking over at the spot where he saw the white rabbit disappear yesterday. At the time he was so sure the rabbit was right there, as real as he was, but he still told both his psychiatrist and his fiancée that it must have been a trick of his mind. A result of mostly sleepless nights, where his mind refused to shut off like everyone else’s, even if he’s not conscious through it.

Whether or not he believes that himself is a different story, though he knows for certain he wouldn’t admit to denying it in front of either of them or in front of anyone, really. An admittance best-kept secret, he told himself, for the sake of not only his job but his already soiled image.

The forest is quiet as he shut every other sound out that isn’t his thoughts, which demand to be heard. So it took a while for it to register in Will’s head that a feminine voice was talking to him, calling out his name and pulling him out of his thoughts.

Looking over, he saw his fiancée, Molly, watching him with concern evident on her face and leaving him surprised. Having forgotten he was not alone in his walk through the forest this morning, as Molly decided to come with.

“Is everything alright, Will? I asked you a question and you didn’t respond, you didn’t even seem like you were listening,” she questioned, though they both knew it was rhetorical.

Will sighed, coming back to himself, “I’m sorry Molly, I was just lost in my thoughts.” he admitted with a small smile, “Please do repeat what you were saying, I’m listening now.”

She looked a bit skeptical, but repeated herself anyway, “It’s just my father, with the wedding date so close, or should I say tomorrow, he’s awfully worried.”

“It’s alright Molly,” Will smiled, sadly, wanting to reassure her, “I know your father doesn’t really like me and thinks you deserve better.”

“Well, I don’t think that.” She confirmed and Will, despite having difficulty trusting others, believed her entirely. Seeing as though with anyone else he would have had his doubts, but not with Molly. “I love you, Will,” she added.

“And I, you Molly,” Will replied, with a small curt nod, knowing very well she’ll disagree but still adding, “but he may be right.”

“Oh Will,” she frowned, shaking her head and attempting to catch Will’s gaze, which was a task many people who know him have given up on long ago.

“I’m being honest Molly, you’re so kind and you deserve a man who can give you the world.” he muttered, “Someone you can take dancing and show off to your friends. I however don’t know if I can be that man or give you that. Enjoying my time at home and making a measly teacher’s salary, while people more often than think I’m insane and don’t even want to invite us to parties or gatherings.”

She smiled at that since this wasn’t new to her, with Will often reminding her of it, almost daily. In response, she simply took his hand in hers, gently and said, “you’re right Will, I can have anyone, but I chose you.”

“I don't know how I got so lucky,” Will admitted, genuinely, since before he met Molly and after his father’s passing, he had a hard time believing anyone would love him. No matter how often his father reassured him in the past that his perfect partner is out there somewhere.

“I was just really brave” she laughed, preening.

“The bravest I’ve ever met,” Will confirmed, “It isn’t often that a woman approaches a man.”

“Well, had I have waited for you,” she grinned, “you would have never come over and tried to talk to me.”

Will rubbed the back of his neck, awkwardly, “that is more likely than not true, though you did look beautiful that night. I really did feel quite intimidated.”

“And you looked quite dashing as well” Molly smiled, slowly inching towards her fiancé to place a kiss on his lips.

“Molly!” a voice exclaimed from the edge of the forest, causing the two to break apart, a voice they both recognized as Molly’s mother. Who, like Molly’s father, also hated Will, despite never having said it out loud to either her daughter or her future son-in-law.

Molly frowned, looking towards the house where her mother’s voice came from before muttering, “I’m sorry Will, I really must go.”

“Is something wrong?” Will wondered out loud, upon noticing the frown on her almost always smiling face.

“It’s only a last-minute wedding issue, with the flowers, do not worry, we’ll get it fixed in no time,” she admitted, attempting to reassure Will.

“I know you will, the flowers are in incredibly capable hands,” Will smiled, quickly placing a kiss on his fiancée’s cheek, “though anything I can help with?”

Before Molly could respond her mother appeared, muttering aloud, “I really don’t know why you decided to live this close to the forest or even go on walks in them, there’s so much dirt and bugs and I’m certain I saw a dead squirrel on my way here, truly disgusting.”

Molly shook her head upon hearing her mother’s complaints, having said nothing until her mother added, “Molly, there you are!” upon noticing her, “What is taking you so long?” she questioned, then noticed Will standing alongside her, “oh, William.”

“Hello, Lady Foster,” the mentioned male smiled slightly, acting respectfully and not once acknowledging the tone in which she said his name.

“With the wedding so close William, you must know-” the elder began and quickly got cut off by her daughter.

“Mother, the flowers,” her daughter reminded her, knowing if she did not stop whatever her mother was going to say, it would lead to a lecture for Will for absolutely no reason at all.

“Right, those imbeciles!” Lady Foster exclaimed, looking angry, “The florists arranged the centerpieces and decorations with white roses when we specifically asked for red!”

Will could almost laugh, though he doesn’t really, knowing just how important the wedding is to Molly and wanting everything to be perfect.

“You could always paint the roses red,” he offered, smiling as he saw that Molly smiled back at him, while her mother looked scandalized.

She looked at him strangely, “What an odd thing to say.” before shaking her head and turning to her daughter saying, “Come along Molly dear, we can’t delay this issue any longer.”

“Alright mother, I will meet you at the car soon,” Molly reassured her, and with that being the last thing said, the elder gladly walked off, towards the house.

“‘You could always paint the roses red,’” Molly repeated with a grin and a small laugh when her mother was out of sight.

“What can I say?” Will grinned, “I’m full of great ideas.”

Chapter End Notes

I DID IT! I UPDATED!

3

After a moment of silence, Will looked over at the blonde-haired lady before him, and asked: “Have you ever been married, doctor?”

The mentioned woman raised an eyebrow at the forwardness of the question, not having expected it as she contemplated whether or not to respond to the obviously personal question. Seeing as though it is typically seen as unprofessional for a psychiatrist, like herself, to share their own personal life with a patient, but this time she thinks it may help Will open up about his own marriage that is quickly approaching.

Upon coming to a decision, the elder of the two began, “For women, there are two options of lives to lead. For most, marriage and children are enough to be happy, but for others, like me, they seek the life of a professional.”

With a nod, the younger questioned, “did you ever hope to?”

“Once upon a time I did.” she admitted, “Having met a man, who I thought loved me, but simply refused to stand by me and my occupation, so I broke off the marriage before it even began.”

“Did you love him?” he asked and the blonde nodded.

“I did,” she smiled softly, “but oftentimes love is not enough.”

“I love Molly,” Will stated.

“But do you wish to marry her?” Du Maurier asked.

“I do, or really I did, but now as much as I wish I was, I don't think I’m good for her,” he admitted.

“Has Molly ever made you feel like you are not enough for her?” she questioned in response and immediately Will shook his head.

“Of course not, and that’s what makes me feel like it’s all in my head.” he groaned, “well and her parents and friends as well.”

“I can’t tell you what to do in this situation Will, that is entirely up to you, but do go through your options before making any rash decisions. There is a chance that you and Molly will be happy in marriage, with a child or two of your own, and it would be helpful to have someone by your side.” Du Maurier explained and Will couldn’t help but think she was right.

He already loves Molly’s son who she had from her past relationship, a man who proposed to her, got her pregnant, and ended up leaving her for another woman. Leaving Molly to raise her son Wally by herself, and with the help of her family, of course, who Will knows is just looking out for her so that she doesn’t have a repeat of what happened in the past.

He however couldn’t dream of hurting Molly, or Wally, so of course, he’s going to go through with the wedding and be the best husband and father that he can be.

“Thank you, doctor,” Will said.

The mentioned woman nodded in response and took a breath in before adding, “We do still have ten more minutes in our session, would you like to talk about the rabbit again? Has it come to visit you once more?”

“No, it has not.” the younger replied bluntly.

With a raised eyebrow the psychiatrist asked, “Are you certain?”

“Of course I am doctor,” he answered, “that rabbit was never real. It was just a figment of my imagination. I am certain of that now.”

“That’s good Will and your dreams?” she wondered.

“No dreams,” he reassured her and she looked pleased, taking notes in her notebook as time ticked on.

Will woke to the sound of leaves rustling in the distance. A chill passed through his body as he opened his eyes, taking in the darkness of the night as the forest surrounded him.

“Winston?” he called out, in search of his fluffy companion that should have been laying right next to him.

Which he wasn’t and much to Will’s disappointment and confusion Winston didn’t come at the calling of his name either.

“Winston?” he tried again, as he sat up from his position against the tree. Walking around in search of his dog with the minimal light that came from the moon and shined between the leaves of trees.

Once again the mentioned dog did not come upon hearing his call, but rather something else. The leaves crumbled once again, under a body that sounded lighter than Winston’s.

It jumped out from a bush a few feet away from Will, causing him to take a few steps back. Though while his first instinct was to run, a familiar blur of white immediately caught his gaze, keeping him in place.

‘It’s the rabbit’, Will confirmed to himself, somewhat relieved but less so than he would have been if it was Winston.

Unsure of if he’s even awake, to begin with, though he thinks he most likely isn’t, Will decided to follow the somehow bipedal, a minor detail he never mentioned to anyone else, rabbit through the night. Attempting to be quiet, in hopes of not scaring the imaginary rabbit off like last time.

It was shortly after the rabbit stopped that Will followed in suit. Having noticed that it was standing in front of the tree that he just woke up under and typically found himself and Winston laying under in the early morning of most days.

He kept his distance as the rabbit went to the other side of the tree and immediately disappeared, leaving Will confused as to where it had gone.

After waiting another minute for it to reappear, Will decided to go behind the tree and see if it is still there.

One-step, two-step, three-step, four-step. Four steps and many months in, Will finally noticed that the tree, on the opposite side of where he lay to rest, had a large rabbit hole.

Thinking that this is probably where the rabbit went, Will decided to check, since ‘why not? It is a dream after all’, he reminded himself as he got on his knees to get a better look inside the surprisingly deep-looking rabbit hole.

What Will was not expecting however was the paw that reached out and pulled him into it.

4

Chapter Summary

Can you tell I'm having a lot of fun with this?

Within seconds Will began to hear the sound of screaming, screaming that he quickly recognized as his own. Falling headfirst into what can easily be described as the world's deepest rabbit hole, as well as the most impossible. Seeing as though rather than being surrounded by dirt, rocks, and tree roots, he found himself frantically grasping at walls hung with paintings, ancient-looking maps, cracked mirrors, and demonic masks.

He fell for what felt like hours until he eventually hit the bottom, head smacking into a wooden floor that could only be manmade. Feeling winded, he attempted to take multiple deep breaths in. Scrambling onto his feet as he looks around, finding himself in a round hall with many doors, unlike any room he has seen before.

His first instinct once he's caught his breath was to find a way out. A way out that isn't up, so he tried a door. The door, much to his dismay, was locked. So he tried another one and another. Moving around the hall and trying every door until he can say with absolute certainty that every door is locked. Refusing to give up, he decided to look around the odd room to see if there was anything that would help him escape. After a minute he found his possible salvation, laying on a three-legged glass table was a small key.

He picked up the key and tried it one door, then another, and then another, feeling disappointed as he realized it was too small for any of them. Not wanting to give p however, he searches the room, finding something from the corner of his eye. It is a small curtain that when pulled aside reveals an even smaller door, with a height of about two feet.

He tried the key in the door and grinned as it fit. Thinking though he may not be able to fit through the door, he may be able to call for help to a nearby passerby. He opened the little door and bent down to look through to the other side, seeing that it is daytime. He saw a garden with a fountain and frowned, thinking it looked so peaceful in there, surely that's a place where people would gather.

“Hello!” He yelled, and when he received no response, he tried again.

“Can anyone hear me?” he asked aloud and groaned when he was met with the same silence as before.

Though he wasn’t alone, not really, since in the garden just out of earshot and his field of vision, two feminine voices spoke amongst themselves.

“You’ve brought the wrong Alice.” muttered the first voice, seemingly disappointed.

While the other responded, sounding incredibly sure, ”he’s the right one. I’m certain of it.”

Looking around he, Will, hoped that one of the other full-sized doors would have opened, which they didn’t, but he did notice something new. On the table where he once found the key, there’s now a small bottle, which was odd because no one was in the room with him. Right?

He looked for the person who put it there and found no one. Hoping the bottle would give him more information on who left it for him, or whatever is going on, he looked at the label. “DRINK ME” it read.

While Will knew better than just drinking random liquids, even those in bottles telling him to, he doesn’t see the harm in it since it's only a dream. He sniffed the clear contents and refrained from throwing the foul-smelling bottle against the wall.

“It’s only a dream.” he reminded himself and took a drink, quickly realizing it tasted just as bad as it smelled. In response to the horrible taste, his body left him gagging, and caught in a coughing fit. Though it only lasted for a minute, when he began to notice the table that was once much smaller than him was getting larger.

Unsure of what to think, he looked around and noticed, it wasn't just the table, but everything else grew except the smaller door. Including his own clothing.

“Wait, hold on a minute, did the room grow larger or did I get smaller?” He asked no one in particular and steps out from his clothing, grateful that his subconscious gave him smaller clothes to wear instead. While there would be no one around to judge him in his odd dreams, it still felt improper.

Deciding he wanted to waste no more time in this gigantic room of doors, he ran to the smallest and stepped through, shutting his eyes as he took in a breath of fresh air.

—

Had Will not have convinced himself that this was another one of his crazy dreams, he may have opened his eyes to the shock of a lifetime, feeling something brush past him he opened his eyes to see a red-colored pig dart past him. Going faster than will thought was possible for a pig its size. Feeling curious, he continues on, beginning to feel discomfort as he felt dozens of pairs of eyes on him. Eyes that he traced back to the surrounding tall and colorful flowers that he noticed have gaunt-looking human faces.

“He’s a natural, not even running away, I told you he was the real Alice,” the same voice from before said proudly, watching Will look at the flowers that starred right back at him. Before shying away and looking elsewhere, exploring.

The second voice remained skeptical, “I am still not convinced”.

Upon hearing voices, Will rushed over, following them and coming face to face with an odd sort.

First, he saw a woman with dark hair dressed in a blue coat, then next to her were two men dressed in similar pinstripe overalls, one looking older than the other. In front of them stood two women, or at least one woman and one young girl, the woman wearing white and the young girl wearing what looked like horse riding clothes worn by those who are better off than him.

“That is not at all a thank you.” the woman wearing white exclaimed, looking down at the girl, “I've been up there for weeks on end trailing one possible Alice after another! And as a rabbit, I was almost eaten by other animals! Ones that were bigger and smaller than me. There were times when I begged and I pleaded as I ran away, but they didn't understand me. Especially his army of beasts. They were terrifying.”

‘My army of beasts?’ he wondered to himself and realized she probably meant his dogs, though they were generally well behaved.

The blue-coated woman comes closer, studying him. “This doesn't look anything like her.”

The younger nodded in agreement, “That's because it’s the wrong Alice.”

“I don't think this is the right Alice either.” The man to the right replied and the one to the left, who looked a bit older, immediately looked at him. Shocked.

“Wait, you don’t, why didn't you tell me that?” he asked and the one on the right, who looked younger, looked surprised.

“I thought it was obvious” the younger exclaimed.

“It wasn’t obvious to me!” the elder exclaimed back.

“Wait a minute, wait a minute, this dream is getting so confusing, who's Alice?” Will wondered out loud, confused about what was going on in his dream and why it was starting to feel so real.

“Point proved.” the girl grinned and the woman in white shook her head.

“This is Alice, I know it is. Alice is just as I remember and even if he wasn’t, *he* confirmed it, and no one knows Alice as well as he does.”

‘Who is he?’ Will wanted to ask, noticing the emphasis she put on this other person, meaning they are important.

“Alice or not Alice, I think we should consult Jack. He would know for certain.” the blue lady said and everyone seemed to agree.

“WE’RE GOING TO VISIT JACK” the elder of the two men exclaimed, excitedly, running up to Will as he said, “I want to escort Alice there.”

The younger shook his head, running to the other side of Will, “It's not your turn, it's my turn. You escorted Alice last time.”

The two begin to tug at Will, each yanking an arm so hard that Will was surprised they didn’t come off.

“I said I was going to first-” the elder began but got cut off by the lady in white.

“Here’s an idea;” she replied, “You can both escort Alice. Since you're already there, Jimmy can take his right arm and Brian can take the left.

“That’s an excellent idea! Why didn't we think of that before?” to his right ‘Jimmy’ asked, no one in particular and they started walking to Jack.

“Wait, who’s Jack?” Will asked, hoping someone in his dream would actually explain something.

The white lady responded, likely talking about Jack, “He's wise. He's absolute.”

While the two at each of Will’s sides added, at the same time, “He's Jack.”

Neither of which answered his question as they trekked on.

5

A thick layer of mist engulfed the group as they walked further into what looked like a forest full of tall mushrooms, growing larger than Will ever thought possible.

“Who are you?” a deep voice asked from above, atop one of the mushrooms. Looking up at where the voice came from, Will saw an oddly shaped figure, one that seemed familiar. A figure that he knows he’s seen before in his dreams.

As the mist dispersed, Will took a better look at the figure and confirmed that it was indeed the same blue caterpillar that visited him in his dreams, though he doesn't remember any of his childhood dreams being so intricate as this one.

The caterpillar was smoking a hookah, which Will quickly understood was the reason for the thick layer of smoke.

Unsure of what was going on, Will felt himself being pushed by someone so he would be closer to the caterpillar. It was the woman in white, meaning they had reached their destination and this caterpillar had to be… “Jack?”

The caterpillar's face contorted to a look of confusion, “You’re not Jack. I’m Jack.” it confirmed, seemingly disrespected. “And I didn’t ask who I was, the question I asked was... who are YOU?” he questioned, before blowing rings of smoke into Will’s face.

He coughed, muttering to himself about how “this dream is insane…” before introducing himself as “Will.”

The caterpillar raised an eyebrow, bringing the mouthpiece to his lips.

The woman in white walked forward until she was standing right next to Will, “he’s Alice”

“You seem so sure that he is Alana, but he is certain that he is Will.” the caterpillar replied, allowing Will time to make note that the woman in white was named Alana.

“*He* is certain of it,” Alana explained and Will made a quick mental note of how this he was mentioned once again, yet they never once spoke his name.

“Well, if you are certain. We ought to check the Oraculum.” Jack replied, looking to Alana, “Unroll the Oraculum.”

Alana walked over to a nearby toadstool and picked up what looked to be an old scroll, before laying it on one of the toadstools in front of Will. She unrolled the parchment which ended up taking up three toadstools and said, “The Oraculum is the Calendrical Compendium of Wonderland.”

Will looked at it and quickly realized that drawn on it is a timeline that could seem to be depicting the major events of each day, each with a title and an illustration. “It’s a calendar,” he muttered.

“Compendium.” Jack corrected, before adding, “It tells of each and every day since the *Beginning* ”.

“Today is Griblig day in the time of the Red King,” Alana explained, before pointing at an illustration, one that shows all of them, including Will, looking at the Oraculum as he is doing it.

“I wonder…” he said aloud, before lifting his right arm and quickly noticing the version of himself on the scroll do the same. Not wanting it to be a coincidence, he tried his left arm, and the scroll did the same once again.

“I think we should give him a moment,” the woman in blue said behind him, and the mentioned male awkwardly rubbed the back of his neck.

“Sorry,” he said quietly and put his arms down to his sides.

It was quiet for a second before Jack’s voice cut in, “Show him Frabjous day.”

Alana pointed at a date further into the scroll, which looked to be the future.

Jimmy came closer to the scroll and explained, “Frabjous being the day you slay the Red Dragon”.

Will looked at the mentioned male, equally as nonchalant, “oh yeah, I’m just going to slay a dragon. No big deal, right?”

Jimmy didn't respond however and instead pointed at the illustration that Alana was pointing at. It was animated, showing what could only be the Red Dragon. The Dragon was tall with reptilian wings, long sharp claws, a pronged tail, and ram horns. Looking like it was trying to attack someone, a knight with short dark hair dressed in chain mail. The knight was fighting it with a shining sword.

“That’s supposed to be Alice there with the Vorpal Sword,” Jimmy explained and Brian nodded.

“No other sword can kill the Red Dragon,” the latter added.

Jimmy looked to Brian, “He’s right. If it isn’t Vorpal, the Dragon isn’t dead.”

Will watched as the knight swung the sword and revealed their face to the readers. The man was unmistakably him, with bloodlust in his eyes. At the sight of this, Will backed away from the scroll. Looking at the group behind him, he explained “that can’t be me,”

The youngest girl nodded in agreement, “I believe it,”

“Well I don't,” Alana chimed in, “resolve this for us, Jack. Is he the right Alice?”

Jack looked Will in the eye, stating calmly, “Not Hardly.” before disappearing from view into a cloud of smoke.

“I told you!” the girl exclaimed, “That’s a fake Alice.”

Alana looked disappointed and the woman in blue remained quiet.

Jimmy and Brain argued in a roundabout way about who was right. While one of the flowers, who remained quiet all this time yelled, “You imposter! Pretending to be Alice! You should be ashamed!”

Looking distraught Alana muttered, “But I was so certain”.

“I’m sorry.” Will apologized, instinctually, sensing how the mood of the group changed, “I didn’t mean to be the wrong Alice. I never even said I was Alice. I told you my name is Will.”

Alana said nothing in response to that and everyone else glared at Will, who has a revelation.

“Wait, this is my dream. You guys aren’t real. I’m going to wake up now and you’ll all disappear.” he said out loud. Leading to a few raised eyebrows.

He closed his eyes and pinched himself, before opening them again. Only to be in the same place he was moments ago, which was odd because pinching himself usually works.

“How about I give it a try,” the young girl excitedly asked and Will nodded, having nothing to lose.

She pulled out a small sword and looked at him mischievously.

Upon seeing the sword, he took a step back and shook his head, “I know this is a dream and it won’t actually hurt me but please don’t stab me with that. You can slap me if you’d like.”

“I can do that” the girl smiled, sliding her sword back into the scabbard hooked to her waist.

She walked up to Will, raising her hand to deliver the blow that would hopefully wake him up, allowing him back to the real world where he will be laying next to Winston, pressed against a tree, but it never came.

Rather a thunderous roar erupted, causing everyone to stop in place. Left standing there as moments later an animal with tusks and rows of sharp teeth smashed through a high wall.

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